

## SEVEN

There's nothing wrong with being gay.  
In private.

Look, if two dudes want to kiss each other, that's fine. I don't see any problem with that. It's when they have to make a big show out of it that I get uncomfortable. That's what crosses the line.

We've all seen it, right? The gay guys hugging by the fountain as if it were the most normal thing in the world? The smug lesbians walking around holding hands and smiling, just to make a political statement? The football practices?

I'm not saying we should expel all the gay people in the school. That would be impossible from a logistical standpoint anyway—how would we find them all? But it would also be un-American. It's a free country, and gay people are allowed to do whatever they want. However, I believe this freedom is being used irresponsibly.

My dear gay readers, I ask you, why must you display affection for each other in public, knowing full well that it will offend the rest of us? Is it really an infringement of your "gay rights" to ask you to be a little more conscious of the effect you're having on the university's atmosphere?

Can't you just postpone your make-out sessions until you get home? Or to a gay bar? Or a toilet stall?

Again, I realize that I can't make you stop. I can only try to appeal to what Lincoln would call "the better angels of your nature." Hopefully after reading this essay you will realize that what you're doing is harmful, and not just to straight people. By acting out and bringing negative attention to the entire gay community, you're also inadvertently shaming all the good gay people—the ones who act normal in public.

Of course, not all of my motives for writing this are as lofty and idealistic as I make them out to be. Yes, I do want to help create a safe environment for everyone at CU, but, to be

honest, gay people just sort of gross me out.

I'm not homophobic, I just don't want to be subjected to a boy-on-boy sex show every time I leave the house. Is that too much to ask?

For example, just last week I was sitting on the steps in front of the library, reading *The Yeti* and snickering to myself, when these two guys (we'll call them Tyler and Brendan) practically come floating down the stairs in front of me. Holding hands, no less.

While this was a pretty bold gesture on their part, it didn't sick me out too much, so I ignored it and went back to my newsletter. But then a few moments later, when I had to look up from my reading to reflect on my own brilliance, they were kissing! I didn't want to believe it, but I could clearly see Tyler's long, pink tongue caressing Brendan's lips and tenderly snaking into his mouth.

It was gross, and I was deeply upset.

That's one thing I really can't stand about openly gay couples—the way they almost force you to imagine them having sex by doing practically everything else right in front of you. Especially these two. I had the image of them kissing burned into my mind all day, even while I was having sex with my girlfriend later that night.

It's not fair. Our campus is made up of good, hard-working Christians, and some Jews, most of whom have probably never been exposed to things like violence and alcohol and heroin and homosexuals.

So then, who here wants to think about gay sex all day? No one. No one wants to think about Tyler yanking down Brendan's sweat-pants and underwear and his three-quarters-erect penis springing out and grazing Tyler's cheek, and maybe leaving a trail of pre-cum in its wake, still clinging to the tip like a dewy spider-web.

You people ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Think of all the people you're upsetting!

If Brendan wants to spread a thick coat of KY Warming Jelly on his big tan penis and gingerly slide it into Tyler's waiting, trembling anus, whispering and moaning in his ear, he should definitely do it in the privacy of his own home.

I mean, especially if Brendan's going to keep thrusting, faster and faster, his wet balls slapping against Tyler's perineum, until he finally shudders, pulls out, and squirts his hot love syrup all over Tyler's sweaty, muscular back.

But what about Tyler? He still hasn't come yet.

So, Brendan, being the hormonal 19-year-old boy that he is, catches his breath and matter-of-factly plunges his reddened face into the crack of Tyler's ass, his tongue tracing circles and darting in and out.

This has Tyler as hard as a crowbar in seconds, so he flips over onto his back, his penis

bobbing.

"What do you want me to do?" asks Brendan in a husky voice.

"Suck it," Tyler replies.

Well, Brendan loves to suck dick, so he takes his time, starting with Tyler's balls and working his way up. After giving Tyler's frenulum a few playful licks, Brendan grabs the base of Tyler's penis and takes the whole thing into his mouth, pumping up and down.

Tyler gasps, and Brendan, familiar with Tyler's body, knows that this means the end is near. He steadily increases the speed of the pumping motion, and uses his left hand to lightly tickle Tyler's balls. This is too much. It sends Tyler screaming over the edge.

Tyler's erection pulses fiercely in Brendan's mouth, filling it with liquid warmth. Brendan swallows it happily, and rises to give Tyler a big, wet, sloppy kiss.

Ew.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. Did you know that when the Campus Press stopped publishing hard-copies, I became the only student-produced newspaper? THIS is the school paper!*
- 2. You know what's great? That incredible surge of inspiration that hits you just as you're having an orgasm, and you start thinking things like, "I'm gonna write a book!" Or, "I'm gonna learn CHINESE!" But then, as you clean yourself up, you remember that you're a loser.*
- 3. Uh-oh, all this kissing has brought Brendan's wet, lifeless penis back from the dead. What happens next? Find out in issue eight!*

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